TALE OF TWO BAD BOYS.

William Sinn Is Punished for a Lapse from Goodness.

HE noblest study of mankind is man." What boy who has learned to write by copy-book isn't familiar with that venerable assertion, made more than a hundred years ago by the English poet, in whose famous country house at Twickenham now lives Henry Labouchere, the famous editor. It ought to be true, perhaps, that the "Noblest Study of Boyhood is Boys," and perhaps it is true. Certainly no two boys on Manhattan Island had more varied experiences in one brief day than did John Goode and William Sinn yesterday.

There isn't a worse boy from High Bridge to the Battery than this same John Goode. His name, which is spelled just like that of a high official in the Department of Justice under President Cleveland, about whom every good boy's father can no doubt tell him, is not pronounced as though intended as a tribute to his moral worth. He is not a good boy, even nominally. He proposed before breakfast yesterday to William Sinn, who had never done a really wicked thing in his life, that they establish a Truancy Trust.

"I am aware, William," said he, "that the operation of trusts has been confined heretofore to the affairs of grown men. But every boy who is not a chump knows he's going to be a man some day, and the sooner he learns all about trusts and syndicates the sooner he can read the paper intelligently and prepare himself to take part in the misgovernment of our devoted country. School is over now, no doubt, but in time of vacation we should prepare for the session. This is my scheme:

"You are to be secretary and janitor and I will be president and treasurer of the Truant's Trust or Association for the Mutual Benefit of Schoolboys Who Play Hookey."

"Not another word," cried William Sinn. "I will not. Oh, I will never aid in such a sinful enterprise! Oh, John! poor, misguided John! Did you never hear that it is wrong to play hookey?"

John, being a wild, untutored lad, was strongly tempted to welt William one in the jaw, as he put it in his heathenish language, but dallied with him yet awhile.

"William," said he, gently, "I am going to be a good, good boy all this livelong day. I wish to test the truth of what you have so often told me about the pleasures of righteousness. Do you, in turn, be wicked, just as wicked as you can, for this day only, and show me by practice as well as precept how wretched are those who trespass against the law."

William's spirit revolted against the proposal. He could not conceive of himself as a wicked boy. Finally he consented to yield to his sense of duty, for was it not his duty to show John once for all that "the way of the transgressor is hard?" He brushed his hand hastily across his eyes, and grasping John's horny fist, said: "I will go you just once!" This shows the influence of the beginnings of evil. No sooner had William made up his mind to be bad—though for a good purpose—than he began unconsciously to talk wicked slang.

"John," said William—the wicked William—"I have read so often of 'fiends in human form,' I think I should like to be a 'fiend in human form' "—but John, shocked at the proposal, had already run away to his breakfast, leaving William alone with his wickedness. Then he, too, went away to breakfast, ate up the muffin his mother had buttered for his younger brother, wiped the spout of the sirup-jug on his napkin, threw the silver on the floor and put red pepper in the mutton hash before it was taken out to the servants' table. John, in the meanwhile, had plastered the fences of their two yards with this announcement, in duplicate:

NOTICE TO BOYS!
The Nere Approach of The
Swimmin an Drowdin Cson
An of the Green Apl an
Colick Cson renders
It nessery for Boys to
Band together for
Mutual Protecksun!
Come and Band at 5:30 p. m.!

William started out incontinently after breakfast on a career of wickedness unparalleled in the annals of Sunday-school libraries. John watched him with sorrowful eyes, fished him out of the cistern into which he had fallen while trying to drown the cat; took him straight to the jeweler's when he tried to rob a robin's nest and fell out of the tree and broke his watch; picked

SHE SEIZED HIM BY THE COLLAR.

powder out of his neck and face when he laid a mine into the hen-house with intent to violently break up in business a hen of too sedentary a disposition, and in other ways followed William about like a guardian angel. By the time four o'clock came John was compelled to acknowledge that William had succeeded in being very thoroughly and very disagreeably wicked. He even tore John's clothes, tried to poke peas into his ears and called him a "doughface." This last came very near bringing John's Day of Goodness to a sudden close. But he resisted temptation like a little man.

When 5:30 o'clock came the other boys came, and John explained: "Fellers, robody likes bein' drowned wile in swimmin', shot wile stealin' watermelons — which I greeve to say some bad boys do steel—(here he looked hard at William, who grinned derisively)—or doubled up with gripes after takin' and partakin' of young apis. My father (the boys looked surprised—he generally said 'pop') belongs to a Mutual Accident Association down town. Whenever a member gets kild or drowned or run over by a street-car or goared by a savage bull, the other members all have to chip in and make it pleasant for him wile he's laid up, and for his fambly if he's laid out.

"Let's organize a Juvenile Mutual Association to cover the watermelon, the green apl and the drownd wile swimmin' risks. Then, perhaps, we can pursue our customary summer avocation—accordin' to wat I rede in the comick weeklies—with more eze an' freedum of mind if not of body."

There was a loud murmur of approval. Just then Miss Frisbie Quoghe, an old lady whom John on his wicked days had often "deviled" very nearly to the verge of frenzy, walked suspiciously along the opposite side of the street, keeping a wary eye on the assemblage of lads. John's good heart moved him to run and pick up the specs she had in her agitation dropped on the sidewalk. With this virtuous object in view, he made a quick lunge from the crowd, and with beaming eyes, darted across the road towards Miss Frisbie. With a shriek of alarm, divining some evil, she turned to run, when he, already by her side, picked up the spectacles and was just about, as he restored them to her trembling fingers, to beg her pardon for all the trouble he had given her. But in the meantime Miss Frisbie had replaced her glasses on her nose, recognized her tormentor of oft and many a time and before he could get the words of love and pardon from his breathless lips, had seized him by the collar and begun screaming shrilly for the "police!"

At the sound of that dread word all the boys ran away except wicked (pro tem.) William Sinn. He crossed over to exult in goody-goody (pro tem.) John Goode's humiliation, and reached the scene just as a policeman hove in sight. John saw that his doom was sealed. He made no remonstrance and uttered no entreaty. He heard the six o'clock whistles blow, and a thought struck him. His day of tentative goodness was over. "Please, ma'am," said he, in his modest, most insinuating tones, "if I must be dragged away to a dungeon, grant me first just five minutes of grace!"

FISHED OUT IN TIME.

The ancient maiden lady's heart was not touched, but she thought John Goode's request reasonable. She relaxed her hold on his collar, and before the policeman could get in reach of them, before a word could be said, a prayer uttered or a shriek shrieked, he had fallen on the jeering "fiend in human form" at his side and licked, thumped, cuffed and walloped William until his own mother would have known him only to lick him again, and the fiendish jeer had faded forever from his once proper features.

Discerning boys who read the "World of Young Folks" will have no difficulty in extracting from this true story two morals. The first is that William should have ceased at six o'clock sharp to be a bad boy. The second is that "you may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang round it still." It was the pernicious recollection of his pristine and theretofore wickedness which thwarted in its first flush and, as it were, nipped in the bud poor John Goode's first effort at real goodness!—N. Y. World.

PETE WAS RESIGNED.

He Was Willing to Help the Hangman Make a Good Job.

HERE was only one man waiting execution at Fort Smith when I visited the post, and he was only one of the ordinary run of white men in the Indian Territory. The hangman rather wanted to show him off, and so we paid a visit to the guard house. Upon entering it the executioner said:

"Pete, here is a decent white man come to see you. Do your purtiest, now, to entertain him. You've got two more days to live, and I hope you'll try and work into decent society as much as possible."

"I'm sure I'm glad to see him," responded Pete, as he came forward and shook hands.

"That's good. A born gentleman couldn't have said them words better. If I could only keep you six weeks, Pete, you wouldn't know yourself, and you'd do me proud. But I can't. I've got to hang you day after to-morrow."

"Well, I'm ready."

"That's good, and just what I expected of you. I've used you white, and I naturally expect the same in return. If there's any one thing that riles me above another it's to have a man go back on me at the last end. Did you see me hang Cherokee Jack, Pete?"

"Yes."

"I made a bungle of it, because he kicked at the last. Why, sir (turning to me), he held up until the very last hour, deluding me with promises, and then went dead back on me. Think of his refusing to be hung after every thing was ship-shape and regular."

"I'm not going to kick," observed Peter.

"Good for you! Some of the boys are betting that you will, but I'll give odds that you won't. When a man knows he's got to be hung, what's the use? People have got a mistaken notion about hanging. It don't hurt a bit. How you feelin', Peter?"

"Resigned."

"That's right. You hadn't orter killed your old woman, but being you did, and being as you must pull hemp for it, the best way is to feel resigned. You come mighty nigh being a gentleman, Pete, and as I said before, I'm sorry I can't keep you and watch your mental improvement. You'd improve fifty per cent. in six weeks. Want to ask the gent any questions, Pete?"

"N-o, I guess not. Will he be here to see me go?"

"He'd like to ever so much! But he can't. He's got to go on to Van Buren."

"Can I do any thing for you?" I asked.

"No, thank you."

"Well, Pete, we must be going," briskly remarked the executioner. "Would like to stay longer, but time presses. I'll come in to-morrow and cut your hair and rehearse a bit. I made such a poor job last time that I want to do extra fine on you. If you'll stick to what you say I'll do the purtiest job ever seen at this post."

"I want every thing to go off all right," responded the condemned.

"Of course—why shouldn't you? It's for your interest, too. Well, so long, old boy. Keep your grit up and do your best, and I'll guarantee a first-class job or quit the business."—N. Y. Sun.

LIFE IS SWEET.

Life is very sweet just now—
Full of light and flowers;
Not a single cloud to mar,
Or give a hint of showers.

Life is very sweet and fair,
Rosy-hued and smiling;
With the music of the birds,
Happy hours beguiling.

Life is very sweet. You ask:
What can be the reason
(Looking blankly at the clouds)
Of the rainy season?

Life is very sweet because—
Because—why not assist me?
Sweet in spite of rain or clouds
Just because you kissed me.

—Spectator.

HARBORING A PAUPER.

A Brave Deed Followed by a Happy Event.

It was near night of a raw, gloomy day, in the autumn of 1886, that a seedy-looking tramp turned up to a lonely farm-house on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river and asked for something to eat and a place to sleep.

A widow with two children, a son and a daughter lived there.

The son, a young man of twenty-two, had gone to Maysville with a small drove of cattle, which he expected to dispose of at that place in time to reach home at an early hour in the evening, and he intended to bring the proceeds of the sale with him.

The daughter, a rather pretty girl of nineteen, was delicate and timid.

In view of these facts, the widow, though somewhat robust, courageous and sympathetic herself, felt a good deal of hesitation about harboring a strange tramp, not knowing what such a needy individual might be tempted to do, even if not already working out some sinister design.

She did not like to refuse him right out, for fear she might not be exercising proper Christian charity, and she did not like to grant his request, for fear it might result in some wrong to her children and self.

He was not the worst looking of tramps, but he had a shock head, and a full-bearded face, out of which peeped small, glittering eyes, and his dress was old, poor and soiled.

"I'll give you what you want to eat," said the widow, whose name was Chalmers, after she had looked the man carefully over and taken a little time for reflection; "but as for lodging you, I wouldn't like to agree to that before consulting my son, who may not be home till eight or nine o'clock."

"How far is it to the next house?" he asked.

"Which way?"

"South."

"Nearly two miles."

"And night just coming on," returned the other. "I don't like tramping a lonely road after dark. Won't you let me stay till your son comes home and take my chance with him?"

"I don't know that I ought to object to that," was the somewhat reluctant consent of Mrs. Chalmers.

She gave the tramp a good supper and permitted him to sit by the general fire—she or her daughter, one or both, being constantly in the room.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock came, and the son and brother had not returned.

"Oh, mamma, what can be keeping George?" at length exclaimed the daughter, in the anxious tone of alarm.

"I don't know, Mary, dear," answered the mother, in great anxiety, as she glanced at the clock for the twentieth time. "I suppose he didn't get through with his business as quick as he expected to. Surely he will be here soon now."

She got up and went to the door, and her daughter timidly followed, looking over her shoulder.

"What a dark, dreary night!" shuddered Mary, as a gust of wind came in, bringing a little rain with it. "Oh, mamma, do you think any thing serious has happened to him?"

"I hope not," replied her mother, feeling more alarmed herself than she chose to have appear. "The night is very dark, and it may be has to walk his horse."

"Where did your son go?" inquired the tramp from his comfortable corner beside the blazing fire.

"To Maysville."

"That's a good distance off and the night is dark and the road none of the best. I don't think you have any occasion for alarm yet awhile."

"Thank you!"

"Ah, hark!" exclaimed Mary, just as her mother was turning back to shut the door. "I think I hear the tread of a horse."

Her keen ears had made no mistake, the tread of a horse was soon audible to the others, and shortly after the son and brother rode up to the door.

After some warm greetings on both sides, and the brief explanation that he had been delayed in starting, while the darkness and condition of the road compelled him to move slowly, he proceeded to stable and feed his horse, and then came in.

On seeing the tramp and learning why he was there, he felt more uneasiness than he cared to show, for he had brought home with him a considerable sum of money.

His decision, however, was prompt and full of the kindness of charity.

After two or three pointed questions to the unwelcome stranger, which were satisfactorily answered, he said:

"Certainly you can stay through the night. I could not find it in my heart to turn adrift any well-behaved human being on a night like this."

"Thank you kindly, sir," politely responded the man. "You will not regret your hospitality."

The language and manners of the poor fellow indicated a certain degree of refined culture not in keeping with his present forlorn appearance, and while the young host ate his supper he held a conversation with him which convinced him of this fact.

His first intention was to throw down some horse blankets and robes and let him camp down before the fire, but this design was altered with his opinion of the man's antecedents, and so he finally lighted him to a decent bed upstairs under the roof, and then he and the family retired for the night, occupying two rooms on the ground floor.

While these things were taking place inside of that lonely farm-house, some things were occurring outside that vitally concerned the parties we have introduced.

Two men met in the road a few rods from the dwelling.

"Hi, Sam!" said one.

"Ho, Ben!" replied the other.

Then they came together and spoke in low, guarded tones.

"Well?" queried Ben.

"All right," answered Sam. "He's home, and got the money with him. There are $1,700 I know about, that I know he brought away with him for sure, and that ought to pay us for the venture, if we don't get any more.

"All right, then! When shall we begin?"

"I reckon between twelve and one will be the best time. He's been home about long enough to get his supper and turn in; and after the long, hard day and night he's had of it we must give him a chance to get sound asleep."

"Oh, of course! I don't think we'll have much difficulty in finding the money somewhere about his clothes or the apartment, but without the chloroform he might wake up and become troublesome, and then we might have to silence him, and midnight murders are not the most pleasant things to have to provide against."

"Well, the women?"

"They won't bother us, I reckon. I don't intend they shall know any thing about it till George Chalmers, after coming to himself, goes to look for his pile, by which time we'll be safe enough out of the reach of all."

"Without any blood on our hands?"

"That's the way I want it."

"But sooner than be taken or discovered, Sam?"

"Why, you know, Ben, I'll cut every throat and burn down the house with the bodies in it. Taken or discovered? Heavens! Death sooner than either!"

"That's so. It would be a bad thing for us, and a horrifying thing for our families and friends. In any case we must wear our masks. I suppose we're to enter the general sitting-room first?"

"That's the best. His room adjoins it on the south. When he fastens his door at all it is with the key, which he'll likely leave in the lock. I'll turn that with my nippers if he does. I'll use a skeleton key if he don't. It's a good night for us—dark, windy and rainy—so that a slight noise won't be heard."

The two evil plotters got under a shed and waited till the time fixed upon for their burglarious work.

There were no shutters to the windows—only inside fastenings.

To enter, they decided to cut out a middle pane of one of the two family-room windows, pass an arm through, remove the fastenings, and crawl through the lower half.

They cut the pane with a diamond near the sash, but in trying to get control of it they pushed it inward, and it fell into the room with a sharp crash and jingle.

The noise disturbed the sleeping host without fully waking him, and he mumbled out "What's that?" in a tone that showed he was sound asleep again by the time the words were fairly uttered.

Then the two burglars, their faces concealed by black masks, worked their way into the room, each assisting the other, and flashed a light all around them from the bull's eye of the lantern they carried.

To their surprise, they found the door of the young man's sleeping room partly open, instead of being shut and locked, and they were disposed to take alarm at it till they heard his steady, heavy breathing.

Then both, after another sharp sweep of the light all around them, noiselessly advanced to the bed of the sleeper—one prepared with the chloroform to seal up his senses, but both ready to murder him rather than fail in their purpose.

Just at that critical point of time another human figure, unseen by them, came silently gliding through the darkness, and stealing up behind them.

It was the tramp.

In his hand he held a rope with a noose at one end not unlike a lasso.

He stopped so near the two midnight prowlers that he could have touched them, and poised the hand that held the rope, while every nerve secretly quivered with intense excitment.

It was a moment big with fate for all concerned.

A single mistake, the slightest error, might cost his own and other human lives.

The robbers, both intent upon their evil design, did not look behind them.

They stopped close to the bed of the sleeping man, one looking over the shoulder of the other.

The forward one held a handkerchief in one hand saturated with chloroform, and in the other the lantern, whose light he streamed full upon the face of the sleeper.

Just as he reached forward to press the handkerchief to the nostrils of their intended victim, the second robber, armed with knife and revolver, prepared for deadly assault, brought his head close up to his companion's, the better to note the slightest movement—at that moment the tramp skillfully threw his noose over the heads of both.

Then, with a vigorous backward spring, he tightened the noose around the necks of both and jerked them down—stumbling, floundering, crashing—surprised, terrified and almost strangled.

"Surrender and throw down your weapons or I'll beat out your brains!" cried the tramp, as he jerked and pulled upon the rope, in order to strangle the scoundrels into submission.

The answer was three pistol shots from the man who held the revolver, neither of which hit the tramp, but one of which entered the brain of his companion and ended his wicked work for this world.

The noise roused the sleeper, who started up in alarm, with loud cries of murder and for help.

This in turn set the women shrieking, and the late silent and peaceful dwelling became for the time a bedlam of horrors.

"Keep quiet, Mr. Chalmers, you shall not be harmed," said the tramp, as, still pulling at the rope he pounded the head of the living robber with the butt of his revolver, till he sank under the blows. "Now get a light," he continued, or turn the light of the villians' lantern upon their faces, and see what your tramp has done for you."

It took some minutes more to make George Chalmers, his mother and sister understand the true state of the case—that the man to whom they had given shelter had saved them from being robbed, if not murdered.

But what was their further amazement and horror to discover that the dead burglar and the living burglar were two of their neighbors, with whom they had long been intimate, and whose reputations stood high as well-to-do, upright, honorable men.

When they came to pour out their profuse thanks to the tramp for his courageous and timely interference in their behalf, he quietly responded:

"You have much to thank me for, it is true, because you would certainly have been robbed, if not murdered, if I had not been under your roof; but you have to thank me for it in a different way than you suppose. I'm not here by accident; but design. I'm no tramp, but a detective. I've had my eye on these villains for some time, but needed proof before arresting them. By chance I overheard a plot to rob George Chalmers on the night he should get paid for his cattle, and I worked out the rest, as you see. This villain, Samuel Jennings," nodding to the now tightly-bound living robber, "must either go to State prison or the gallows."

"Neither, you miserable scamp," cried the man, with a long string of blasphemous oaths.

He never did—for on the day of the coroner's inquest on his companion, he was found hanging and dead.

The whole affair made a great sensation in its locality.

On removing his false hair and beard, the tramp detective was found to be a young and handsome fellow.

A warm friendship sprang up between him and George Chalmers, and shortly after a still warmer one between him and Mary Chalmers.

It seems enough to merely add that she is now his happy, grateful and loving wife.—Saturday Night.

EDISON AMONG KINGS.

The Great Inventor Honors Any Soverign to Whom He May Speak.

Thomas A. Edison, the greatest inventor the world has ever known, is now receiving honors in Europe from the hereditary royalties who are far less use to the world than he. There have been inventors before whose discoveries have revolutionized the industries of the world—men like Gutenburg, Watt, Stevenson Whitney, Fulton, Morse and Ericsson; but it is doubtful if there has ever lived a man of such versatile inventive genius, of such bold originality in conceiveng, and of such painstaking patience in carrying out his marvelous conceptions as Thomas A. Edison. His invention of the telephone, of the electaic light and the phonograph, each in itself honor enough to immortalize a man, places him at the top of the list of the world's great inventors—not to mention his innumerable minor inventions, many of them of the greatest utility to mankind.

Measuring him by the standard of the practical good he has done the world what man is worthier of honor than Mr. Edison? Surely none of our living statesmen—members of Congres, Governors and diplomats—are to be compared with him in this respect. We have probably produced no poet or literary man who will be remembered longer than he. Considering the wonderful inventions that may still lie in a formative state in his mind, there is surely no man whose death would be a greater loss to the country.

The kings of Europe can not honor Edison by granting him receptions and giving him titles. In accepting these gifts at their hands he honors them.

Surely Tom Edison, the ragged newsboy and impecunious telegraph operator, honors any king to whom he condescends to speak. He is the biggest king of the whole crowd.—Yankee Blade.

—One county (Custer) in Montana is said to have an area about five times greater than that of Massachusetts.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—The best covering for a poultice or a mustard paste is tissue paper.

—If the surface of fine wood cabinets has grown dull go over it with a very little linseed oil on a soft woolen rag.

—To remove tar rub well with clean lard, afterward wash well with soap and water; apply this to either hands or clothing.

—Hands may be kept smooth in cold weather by avoiding the use of warm water. Wash them with cold water and soap.

—Sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar burned with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room, are excellent deodorizers.

—An expeditious way to lower the temperature of small vessels of water is to drop into it a few crushed crystals of nitrate of ammonia. The crystals will reduce the heat about fifty degrees.

—For a sprained ankle take caraway seed, pound it, put in a tin basin with a little water, put it on the stove and stir it until it thickens, then bind it on the ankle; it takes out the inflammation and eases the pain.

—Hair brushed regularly night and morning, if only for a few minutes at a time, will require less frequent washing, and meanwhile will be clean and glossy. Too much washing renders the hair harsh and dry.

—Keep on hand a good supply of bolts, screws, nails and tacks, together with a screw-driver, gimlet, hammer and hatchet, so as to be prepared for emergencies which call for these articles. It is very well to keep putty, also, and learn to be your own glazier when you live far from professional ones.—Household.

—Geraniums, kept by the housekeeper for window culture, are liable to become stalky and unsightly if left to themselves, because of the excessive growth of stem. The plants are set in the ground in summer where they grow vigorously until frost. Repotting suddenly checks this growth, the leaves drop off, and often none are left except a small tuft at the top.

—The stomach is a very delicate part of our organism, and consequently anything which presses upon it in any way is very apt to derange its functions and lead to various affections. Therefore the wearing of a belt around the loins is not considered advisable, as it constricts the muscles of that part of the body and often retards the proper circulation of the blood.

—A Good Way to Fry Chicken.—Cut up a fowl and let it steep covered with vinegar, salt, cayenne pepper and a teaspoonful of onion juice for an hour. Make a batter after these directions: In half a pint or more of hot water mix smooth half a pint of flour. Add two ounces of butter and the whites of two eggs well beaten. Roll the joints of your fowl in this batter and fry in lard or oil till brown. It improves this dish to add a dash of curry to the flour before mixing it with the hot water.

SHREWD AND COURAGEOUS.

A Fierce Struggle Between a Mother Turkey and a Hawk.

The following incident, witnessed by the writer, will strengthen the faith of those who believe that birds and other animals are not only endowed with instinct, but are capable of reasoning.

Five or six of us, well-armed for hunting, were passing through tall ferns and over fallen trees along the level summit of one of the highest of the Alleghany Mountains in North Carolina, when we came upon a brood of wild turkeys, consisting of a cock and hen with their young ones.

A short distance ahead of us the ground rose abruptly to an elevation of two hundred feet. As we pursued our game it made toward this hill—all except the gobbler. He at once flew far away from danger, leaving the mother-bird to defend herself and her brood. Suddenly she gave a cry of alarm, and instantly the young birds ceased their flight and concealed themselves in the tall ferns.

On looking up toward the hill before us, we detected the cause of this strange action. Hovering above, and apparently oblivious to the presence of danger, was a large hawk watching intently the approach of its prey. The mother turkey was certainly in "the toils of battle." Deserted by her companion, beset behind by huntsmen with murderous intent, and before by her most dreaded enemy, she illustrated the maxim of war, "It is the unexpected that happens."

Trusting to the instict of her young to keep quiet and hidden, she flew swiftly to a high crag on the hill above, keeping well out of sight of her chief enemy, now gradually circling nearer the earth.

When she had reached an elevation above the hawk, she made bold to attack him. Up to this time he had not detected the strategy, and now it was too late. Vainly and frantically he endeavored to secure the advantage of his antagonist. With tremendous flight and a wild scream of mingled fright and fury, the turkey struck the hawk a blow that carried the two combatants so close to the earth as to bring them within easy range of our guns.

Up to this time we had remained quiet spectators, but now we took our part in the fray. With one impulse we aimed our guns and fired. When the smoke cleared away, we found only the mangled remains of the hawk. Not one of us had fired at the brave mother-bird; nor was it possible now to do so, even if her courage and motherly devotion had not altogether disarmed us. In the confusion she had summoned her little ones and escaped.—Youth's Companion.